The Bystander, February 16, 1921. No. 898. Vol. LXIX.

The BYSTANDER

BY WILMOT LUNT

"AUT 'SCISSORS' AUT NULLUS"

[*Parliament opens to-day*]

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. (Ger 7540). 2.30 and 7.45
CHARLES HAWTREY in "TIME IS MONEY," WILKIE BARD, JULIAN ROSE, WINSTON'S WONDERFUL WATER LIONS, MARIE NOVELLO & CO., Etc.

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Managing Director, Mr. CHARLES GULLIVER.
Always the best Variety Entertainment in London.
Three Performances Daily.
2.30 6.0 8.45
Programme commencing Monday, February 14.
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"THE NAUGHTY PRINCESS."
W. H. BERRY, Lily St. John, Amy Augarde, GEORGE GROSSMITH.
Box Office 10 to 10. Gerrard 2645.

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A Musical Play.
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Matinées, Wednesday and Saturday, 2.30.
LYN HARDING. ALEXANDRA CARLISLE. C. A. SMITH.

STRAND. (Ger. 3830). "A SAFETY MATCH."
By IAN HAY.
ARTHUR BOURCHIER. KYRLE BELLEW.
Nightly at 8. Matinées, Thursday and Saturday at 2.30.

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(1/-)

of this week will contain a curiously interesting article

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HENRY VIII AT BERLIN.

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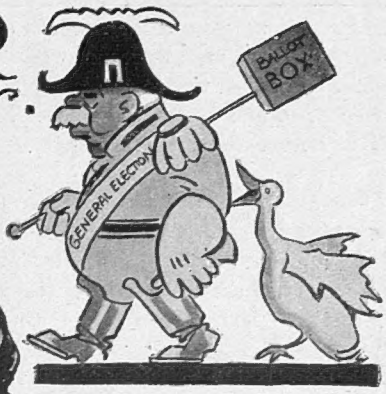
BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Sir Eric starts out to restore Roman roads,

Lady jurors continue to tickle us—

Soap is to cost us less, we learn



By Victor Hicks

The Election's coming, so's Michaelmas!

A Ghastly Error

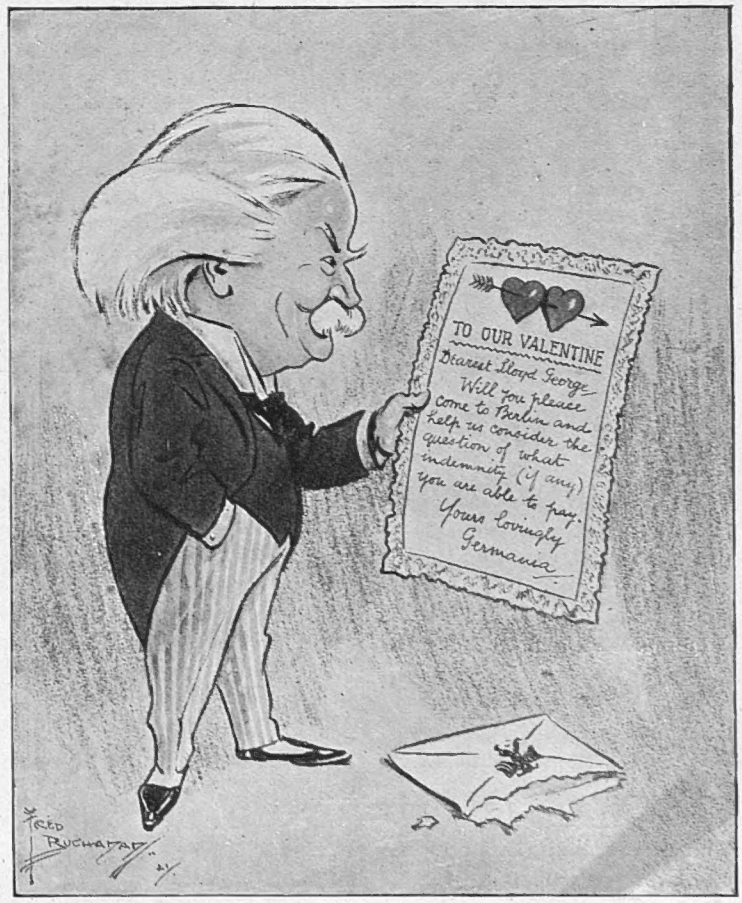
It was sad reading last week, all that "drifting to war" talk that arose on both sides of the Atlantic owing to the garbled cable accounts that grossly misrepresented Sir Auckland Geddes' meaning at the "Foreign Office Conference." No matter how difficult and delicate a situation may arise between this country and the United States, anyone who in connection with it so much as even breathes the word "war" is guilty of a deadly crime. It is all very well to say that hotheads and traitors can do no harm, that war between these two countries is "unspeakable" and "unthinkable." Read certain organs in the American Press, and you will find that there are those who are constantly speaking of it, and making their millions of ill-informed readers think of it.

Literary Agitators

And the blame for this is not entirely that of the anti-British American papers, which, in their bitter, anti-British attitude, are really also anti-American, as the well-informed American well knows. British subjects, writing from here, supply them with their anti-British ammunition. A few weeks ago I received a cutting from a notoriously anti-British New York newspaper. It was an article in which a well-known London literary man discussed the question of war between the United States and Great Britain, and between both countries and Japan, in the most matter of fact way. It was an article that would naturally make the uninformed and biassed reader think that war between these countries, in one combination or another, was a natural and probable thing. No English paper would have printed such an article, though here it would probably do little harm, for we regard its writer as a humorist who has seen his best days. But in America and Germany he is, strangely enough, regarded as a leader of British thought by vast numbers of people. An article such as I have referred to, published under his name, in a widely circulated paper, and probably in a series of them, must do great harm. I hate a censorship, but for some writers it almost seems a necessity.

The Control Canker

If anyone had told me a week ago that one of our numerous Controllers—whether of Food, Transport, Drink, or anything else—could surprise me by any fresh piece of fatuousness I should have declared it absolutely impossible. But I should have been wrong. I heard the other night of a new idea of the Liquor Controllers as surprising as anything they have yet conceived. By the time this is printed it may be in force, or common-sense—from the outside—may have prevailed, but at the moment of writing



By Fred Buchanan

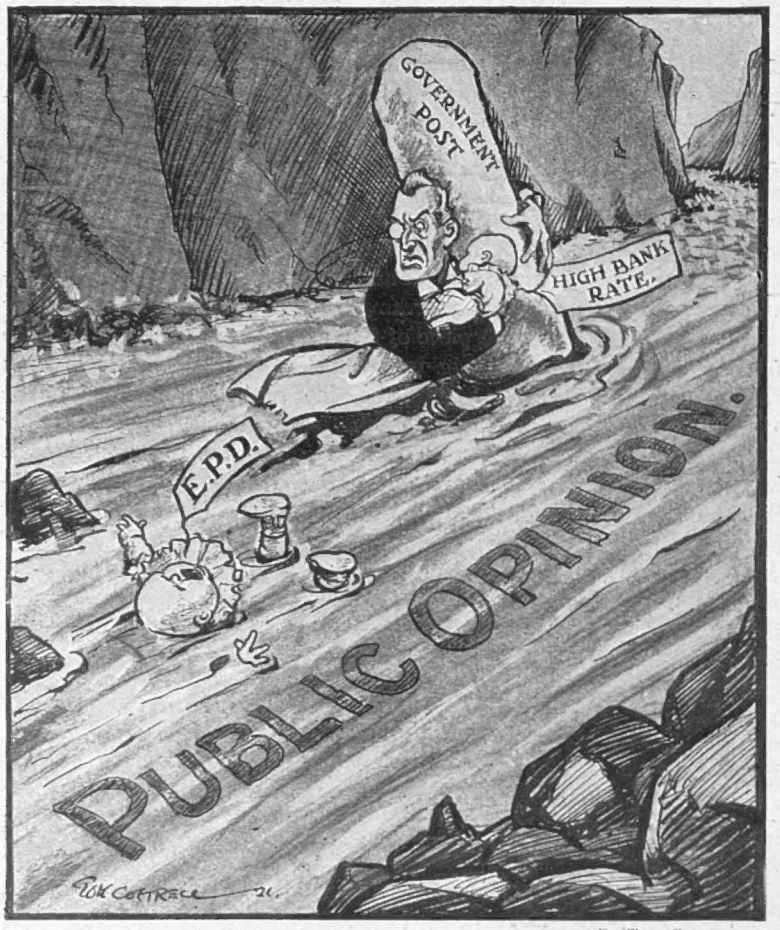
IF GERMANY HAD WON?

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

this is the new order for licensed victuallers: Every bottle of Bass, and, I presume, of other bottled beers, must be poured out to the last drop if served by the licencee or one of his employees. The idea, I believe, is to ensure the customer getting his full measure.

Preposterous! Absurd!

THINK of it! When, in these hard times, one can afford a bottle of Bass, one must, with unaccustomed and amateur hand, trust to stopping at the right moment in order to secure that clear and sparkling result which delights the eye as fully as the palate. Meanwhile the expert, who can give us the very last drop possible and yet achieve this great and necessary end, must look sadly on, or pour out the dregs and hand us with shame the muddy and repellent result. I could not have believed it had I not been told it by a licencee of high standing. He had tears in his voice.



"STICKING TO HIS POST" By TOM COTTRELL

AUSTEN (*solilcquising*): "That's one gone and I expect the other will have to go shortly—or I may have to let go myself!"

Wanted: New Catch Phrases

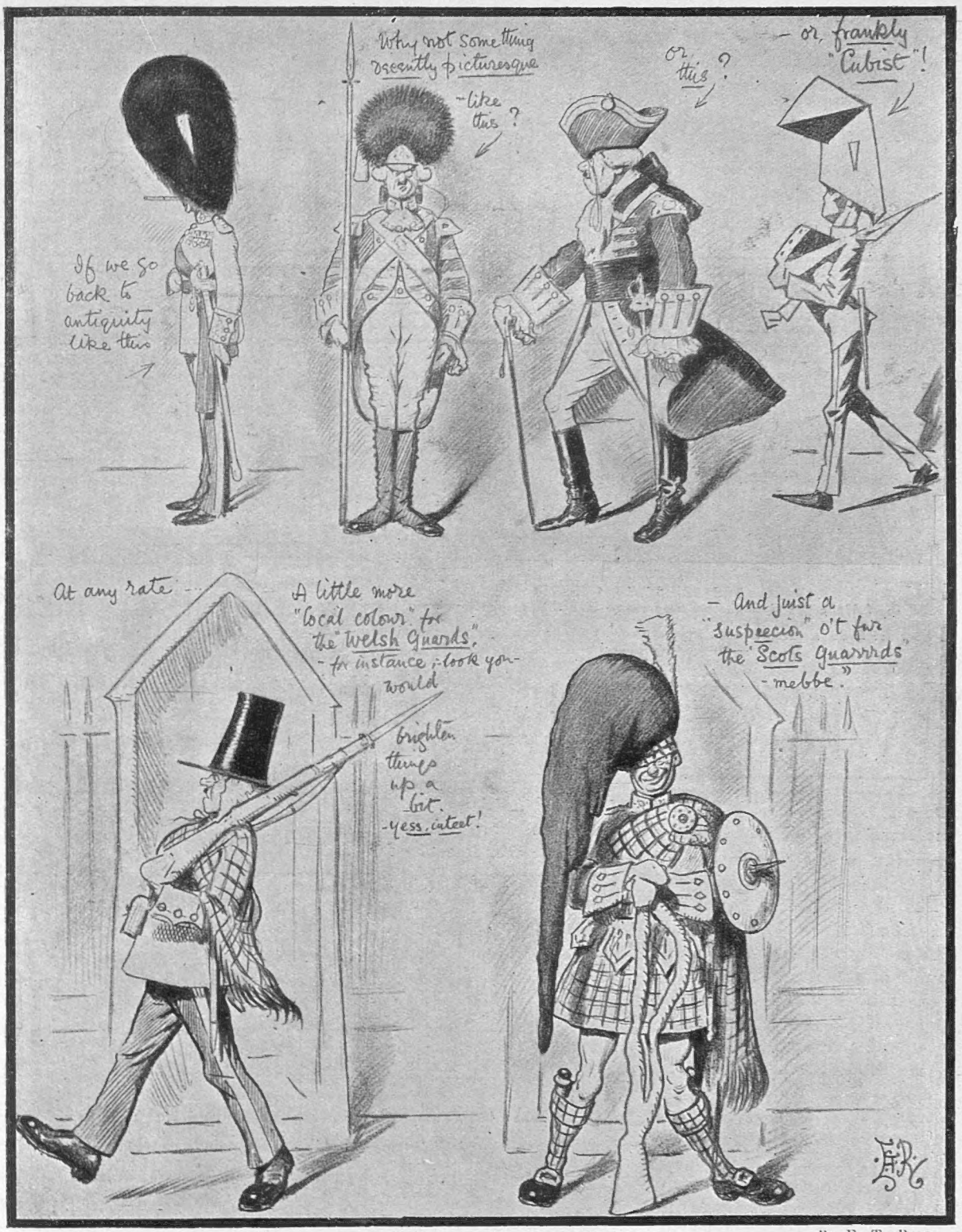
I WAS interested by an article I read the other day in which the writer asked what has become of the old street sayings. To-day there are no successors of "Now we shan't be long," "There's 'air," "Get your 'air cut," and other such sayings, which in their day were much more than "household words." When one comes along it is as inevitable and all-conquering as the popular christenings of which I spoke the other day. The Board of Directors might call it whatever they choose, but we were forced to follow the unknown genius who first spoke of the "Tuppenny Tube." In like fashion years ago we were obliged to say, at least several times a day, "*Now*, we shan't be long." It seemed to fit so many occasions. From time to time one hears in theatre or music-hall some "saying" that seems almost sure of this general adoption. But they don't "catch on" — and they cannot be forced upon the great, free public. The last likely one I heard was the "Thank you very much" in *Hanky Panky John* at the Playhouse. But none can prophesy of these things.

An Indemnity Against Dullness

THE Bishop of St. Albans, as one who has the interest of his church at heart, was probably on the right track when he said he wanted to hear people laugh in church. Has there ever been, I wonder, a period when the men who can make us laugh have held such a high position among us? I am not thinking of the vast salaries they command. It is certainly not their money that gives them their great position. Sir Harry Lauder's return to this country was made an event of national importance, and recorded as such. How many men, on or off the stage, in the last twenty years, have enjoyed in this country such triumphs as his? Of how many men, who have been dead so long, do we still speak with the affection that we do of Dan Leno? How many men living to-day will have such obituary notices, and so many sympathetic readers thereof, as poor George Formby? Think of our other kings, and queens, of mirth. Of Mr. Robey, of Miss Marie Lloyd, of Little Tich, and others. Is it an exaggeration to say that they hold a place among us comparable to that of great writers and poets in the past? I doubt it.

The Woman's Rôle in Politics

IT is generally admitted that the most uncertain feature of a General Election would be the woman's vote, which will always perhaps be difficult to gauge. Miss Helen Normanton, the brilliant young Portia, has been discussing the possibility of women becoming diplomats, citing the case of Henry the Second's consort, Eleanor of Aquitaine, "the only member of the Privy Council who would not agree to the conquest of Ireland." On the other hand, the Great War made Englishmen reconsider their view of the value of Queen Victoria's diplomacy, and the Count de Soissons in his new book has now fallen foul of the political influence of the Empress Eugénie. It is very noticeable that the Americans with all their apparent "fussation" over women,



By E. T. Reed

IMPROVING THE GUARDS: SOME SUGGESTIONS

Provoked by the announcement that these unfortunate men are to be put back into bearskins and costly and constricting scarlet pre-War attire

never allow them to figure in State affairs, the President's wife being officially non-existent. We all remember the American Ambassador to Europe, whose wife was supposed to take a hand in diplomacy.

Dear Paper Makes Many Publishers

HERE is a curious paradox. Though paper is so dear that many of the older publishers are not publishing new books, young publishers are springing up like mushrooms. The most recent are Mr Jonathan Cape, who has established himself in Gower Street, and Mr. Perkin Warbeck. Then a new set of printers have established themselves under the name of the Cockerel Press at Waltham St. Lawrence, where Mr. Cecil Aldin has been picturing the fine old Bell Inn for a series of old English taverns just issued by the King's Printers.

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE PRINCE AT OXFORD

The Prince of Wales was given the honorary degree of D.C.L. on the occasion of his visit to Oxford, and was accorded a tremendous welcome by the "undergraduettes" as well as the men. On his right is Sir Herbert Warren, President of Magdalen, and Lady Warren. The Bishop of Winchester stands on his left

Who, When & Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Hardinge-Cecil Wedding

THE scribe who wrote of the Hardinge-Cecil wedding as being "smart" or "fashionable" would be a foolish person. Both families live in that happy atmosphere where neither "smartness" nor "fashion" is necessary. The marriage united two families devoted to the service of the State, the bride being the grand-daughter of the Prime Minister, Lord Salisbury, and the bridegroom, son of Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, our Ambassador in Paris, and formerly Viceroy of India. He is likewise great-grandson of the first Viscount Hardinge, one time Governor-General of India and Commander-in-Chief.

The King and Queen do not often attend the weddings of subjects, but both the Salisburys and Hardinges are no ordinary subjects, and last week Their Majesties were not only present at the ceremony at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, but went on to the historic 20, Arlington Street for the reception.

Besides their public services, carried on through three generations, the Hardinges can add personal service to the Throne in two generations. The late Lady Hardinge of Penshurst was Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Alexandra, her son is Equerry and Assistant Private Secretary to the King.

From the point of view of alliance between what very old-fashioned Labour people used to call "our ruling families," the marriage of these two young people is tremendously interesting. On the Hardinge side, there are the Cadogans, the Durhams, and the Arlingtons through the bridegroom's aunt, Lady Meux, who was born a Sturt, married Lord Chelsea *en premières noces*, and, secondly, Lord Durham's brother, Sir Hedworth Lambton.

Photograph *Topical*

H.M. THE QUEEN AT ST. PAUL'S, KNIGHTSBRIDGE

Who, with the King, attended the wedding of one of His Majesty's private secretaries, Capt. the Hon. Alexander Hardinge, M.C. The Queen leaving after the ceremony with Lord Hardinge

Photograph *G. P. U.*

THE HARDINGE-CECIL WEDDING

Which took place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, last week. The bride, Miss Helen Cecil, only child of the late Lord Edward Cecil and Lady Edward Cecil, with her husband, Capt. the Hon. Alexander Hardinge, M.C., of the Grenadier Guards

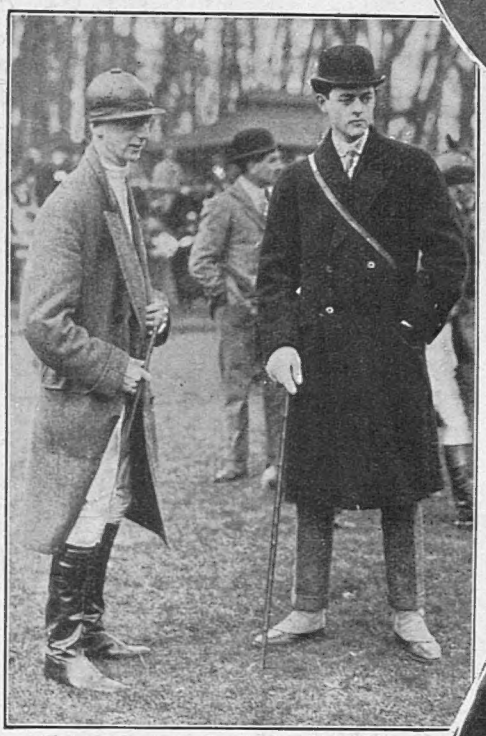
now Meux. On the bride's side there are the Bishop of Exeter, Lord Robert and Lord Hugh Cecil, and through her mother, Lady Edward Cecil, the brilliant Maxse family, who in their turn are allied to one of the oldest baronies in the kingdom, that of Berkeley.

"A Nice Beast"

I DON'T keep a diary for fear my heirs might destroy my reputation after I am dead by publishing it, but I will confess to jotting down amusing and interesting things that happen in one's going to and fro in the world, in what people of former days dubbed a "Commonplace Book."

Turning over the pages of this book in search of something else I lighted upon the following entry. But in preface I must explain that the Lady —— of the story was famous for her use of unexpected expletives and her out-spokenness, that she was a mighty horsewoman, and had an unfailing supply of nicknames for everybody. Her daughter she called "Buzzy" because she said "She was born a fusser." This is from the book:

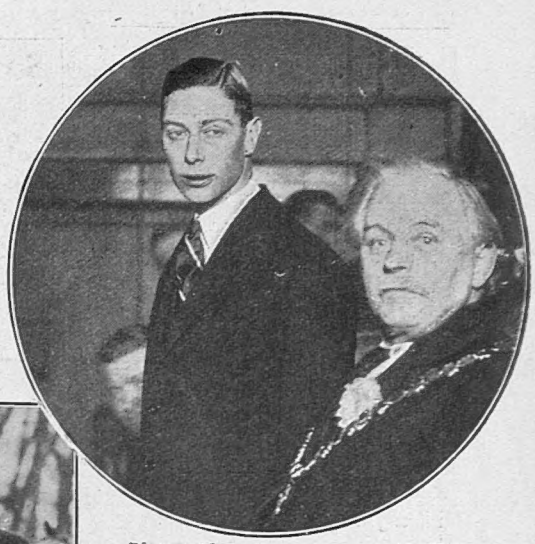
"Lady —— gave a big party for the Queen of ——. She had asked far too many people. An awful squash. I was late. It took ten solid minutes to get to her from the drawing-room door to say my 'how d'ye do?' Just as she was shaking hands she turned. The Queen of —— was standing close by, and, plump in front of Majesty, was Lady ——'s daughter talking to two or three other people. Lady —— dropped my hand like a hot potato, and, swooping down on the girl, swung her sharply round by the shoulder, saying in her great, fat, booming voice, 'Buzzy, d——n you, darling! Do you know you're standing with your back to the dear Queen?' Then to Majesty, Please forgive Buzzy, Ma'am! She's a nice beast, but she's a bit fresh!'"



Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

LORD KILLEEN

Just before riding in the Military Steeplechase at Sandown, in which his horse, Athos III, had a nasty fall causing Lord Killeen to cut his face and head badly



Photograph *L. N. A.*

THE DUKE OF YORK

With the Mayor of Canning Town during his visit to the Working Men's Club, Dockland Settlement. He afterwards attended a boxing tournament at Canning Town Public Hall in aid of the unemployed

On the Riviera.

DANCING is a panic at this moment on the Riviera—the criticism of French Bishops, Archbishops, and Cardinals is entirely forgotten, and the tragedy at present is that at some of the great balls the crowds are so dense that dancers cannot dance; but movement they will have, so they jump up and down to the music, or form into long queues and serpentine rowdily and rhythmically through the throng. Such has been the case at the big *veglioni* at the Nice Opera and at the record Blue and Amber Redoute at the Casino. The *veglioni* have been sheer glee—and the Redoute, with all its *réclame* and *éclat*, was a crush, and the militarist order that only two colours could be worn produced a glaring monotony for the eye and hampered originality of idea in costume.

THERE was a magnificent blue and gold peacock, whose tail spread to vastness in dazzling hue. There were Blue Beards of the fairy-tale variety—fanciful as Dulac. There were high-combed, lace-mantilla-ed, superb Spaniards—wicked with yellow and blue; there were blue bats, and there was, above all, mirth, mirth, mirth! It had rained all day with horrid tropical insolence, and the Committee was obliged to postpone all the fixtures, except the Blue and Amber Ball, so Nice made the night atone for the day, and colour reigned supreme till "morning mocked the gaudiness of man," some 5,000 revellers all in costume.

Photograph *Sport and General*

AT MANDELIEU

Miss Van Heukelon and Lord Whitburgh crossing over the stream that winds through the Mandelieu golf course at Cannes

ON THE RIVIERA (*concluded*)

THE Albert Hall at its dancing maddest is dull in comparison. It's the spirit that prevaileth which maketh these things gay on the Riviera. The Opera Veglioni was even finer—for there were there no restrictions as to colour or invention, and over-dressed characters from Balzac drank bubbly with under-dressed Orientals from the East End of Nice! One of the latter, exquisite in beauty, superb, and all the rest of it—well, well, we must really not get beyond our business, which is to report that the white-bearded judges gave this "revelation" a *grand prix d'honneur*.

THE first battle of flowers simply proved that without the English there'd be no battle at all. The flowers are secondary; English beauty comes first. The Margaret Morris car of smiling children in a pagoda was applauded all the way from the Ruhl to the Negresco. English was the language on all sides—the music was English successes, the competitive *entrées* worth while were English, the laughter was true-born British laughter. Why do we never really produce our foreign form at home?

Photograph *E. Navello*

ON THE RIVIERA

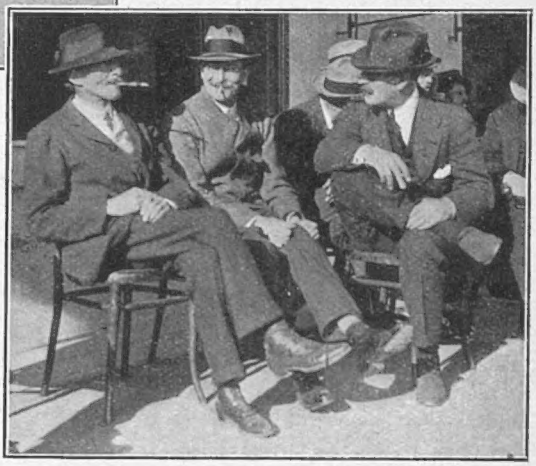
Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, the well-known journalist, and Sir Joseph Tichborne, who are both at Monte Carlo

IT is a gay people—the English—amid these palms and light. And the English children — here they just glow all over their faces like fruit against a sun-kissed wall! It's great, simply great!! Any place is great where children are made happy, and here at Carnival men are boys again and old ladies get preciously kittenish. But to-day, with midshipmen from H.M.S. *Carnarvon*, now at Villefranche, ashore, there never was such a joyous combination of girls and boys—floral and nautical in all this Spring-time world! These lads had the time of their lives!

THE Cannes battle was pleasant and garden-party-like; but up-to-date Cannes has not emerged from the chrysalis of the "Casino." It's a close communion society as yet. Nice is democracy — *un peuple frénétique*. Cannes gossips; Nice doesn't care.

LORD and Lady Curzon are at Cannes. Maharajahs galore take a walk. Grand-Duke Cyril and Mr. and Mrs. Houston lunch at Théoule with the de Langleys. Sir Montague Barlow is with us. What will Poiret do next? Lord and Lady Beardmore are at the Carlton. The Duke of Westminster is playing polo. The Duchess is charming. Of course, they say other things! *mais c'est Cannes!* At Nice—is Bob Sievier really winning? What'll you have?

MONTE CARLO is full of Barodas, Rothschilds, and Grossmiths.



Photograph *Sport and General*

LORD LANESBOROUGH

Seated in the centre, seems to have had his attention distracted from the pigeon-shooting match in progress. Pigeon shooting is one of the principal pastimes both for the spectators and the "sportsmen"

In the Salle Empire, the other evening, there were the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Greville, General Sir Arthur Paget Sir Ian Malcolm, Lady Cowley, and Lady Eva Wemyss. Say what you will, life is taken seriously in the Principality. The Empire is more like a cathedral than a restaurant hall. There'll always be something mayoral about it all and, by the way, Sir T. V. Bowater is at the Metropole.

GOLF still holds second place to roulette as a thing of lively interest at Monte Carlo. I came down from La Turbie with Tom Webster last Saturday. He talks as well as he draws. He could interest a saint in prize-fighting.

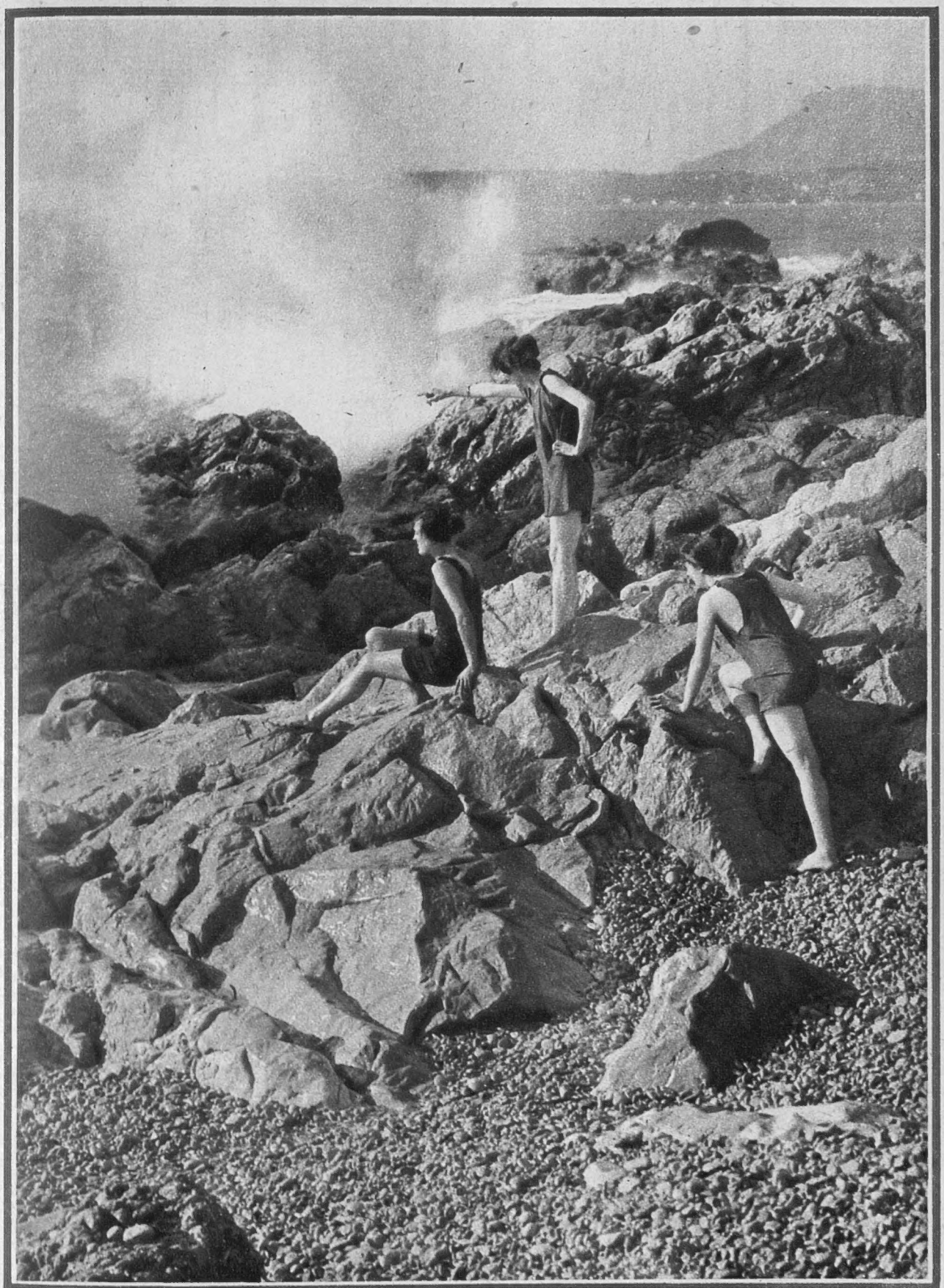
MADAME PAQUIN, the dress-maker, is running a hotel at Hyères. This may change the whole aspirations of the lovely town—just as the advent of Cornuché has made Cannes a town of distinction.

Photograph *Fowsham and Banfield*

DANCING AT MONTE CARLO

Ted Trevor and Miss Dina Harris, who, by their original exhibition dances, have made a "big hit" on the Riviera. At the moment they are dancing at Ciro's, Monte Carlo

Doesn't It Make You Shiver?



Photograph *Horace W. Nicholls*

BATHING AT MENTONE

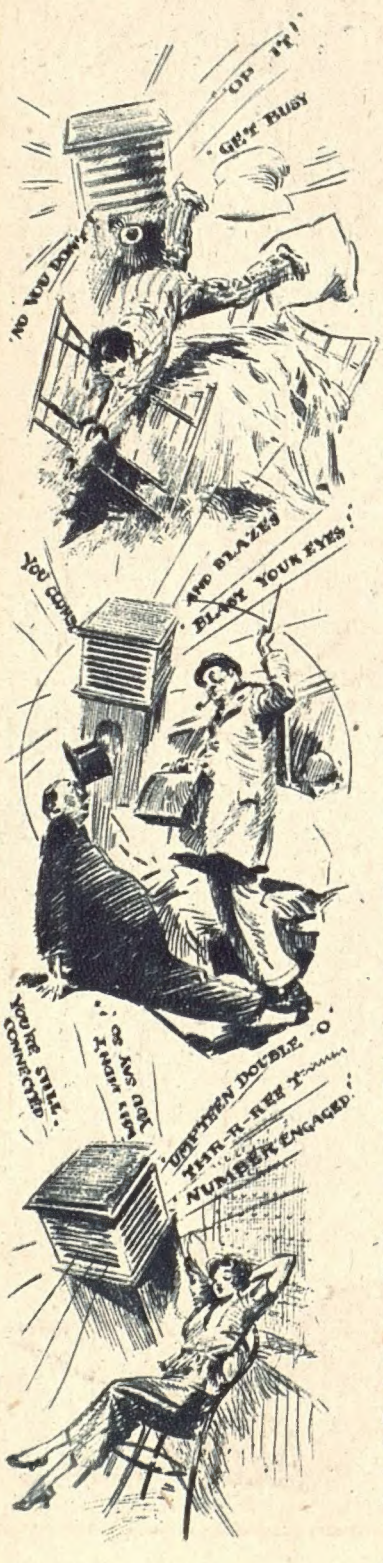
You can't really believe it, can you? The nearest thing we can get to it is to break through ice-bound Leicester Square and have a Turkish Bath. But there's a difference!

THE STENTOR STUNT

BY A. A. THOMSON

Sketches by
HOWARD K. ELCOCK

[*A Stentor-Gramophone has been set up at Oxford Circus Tube Station to call out directions to passengers.*]



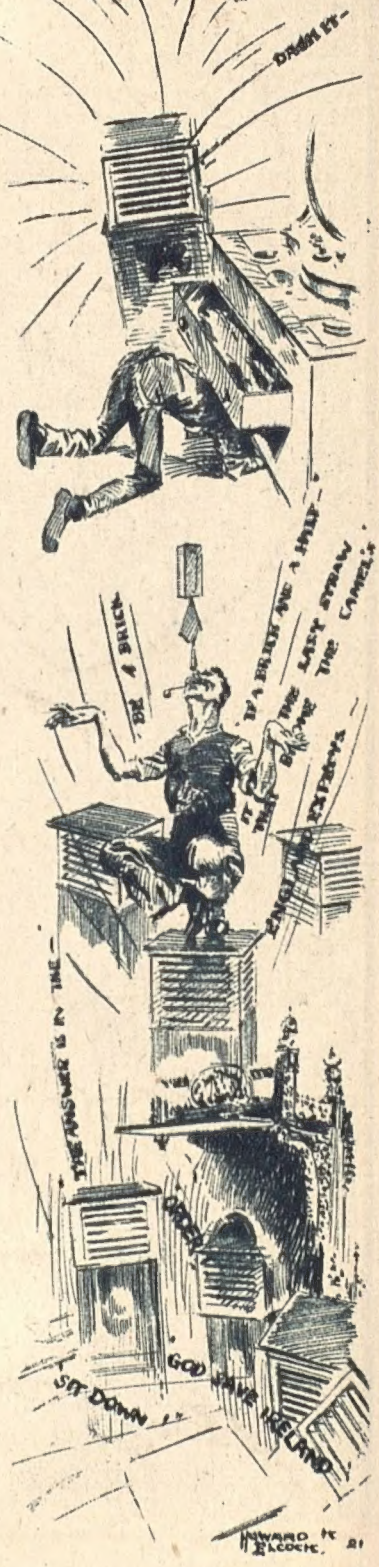
THIS is a most alluring notion,
And we should all our daily woe shun,
If we could only introduce
The Stentor stunt for common use.
We'd set it ready overnight
To wake us with the morning light,
To woo us to our breakfast-egg,
With: "Now, you blighter, show a leg!"

A broken stud would cause no fuss;
The Stentor would comment for us,
Rehearsing with metallic roar
Those parts of speech which won the War.
Each morn at table 'twould repeat:
"This bacon is not fit to eat!"
And murmur for us in the train:
"Pray stand upon my feet again!"

We'd plant some Stentors—five or six—
Where gentlemen were making bricks;
"Please do not overwork," they'd say,
"Stick to your single brick a day!"
And since our boxing heavyweights
Decline to meet at union rates,
Let's match two Stentors; they—I guess—
Would talk no more, and fight no less.

These fine machines we should arrange
In every telephone exchange,
To shout, while the hello-girl slumbers,
A swift succession of wrong numbers;
To whisper such refrains as these,
"Chug-chug!" "Buzz-buzz!" 'Three pennies, please!"
No calls we'd get, I must allow.
But then . . . we do not get them now.

The plan is good; we'd place them even
Upon the benches of St. Stephen;
Through Parliament would ring the tones
Of full six hundred gramophones.
They would not drain the public purse;
They could not do their business worse.
You like my scheme? There's no denying.
It surely would be well worth trying.



Things That Never Happen

OCCUR REGULARLY ON THIS PAGE

BY VICTOR HICKS

All our Boxing champions having been beaten, Lord Lonsdale patriotically goes into training

A Celebrated Gathering at Madras

Photograph] H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT [*Willie Burke, Madras*

With Lord and Lady Willingdon, and their respective staffs. While in Madras the Duke attended the first sitting of the Madras Legislative Council, and a great rally of Boy Scouts and Girl Guides. He has been accorded the most wonderful receptions at the many towns he has visited

The BYSTANDER IN PARIS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN.

THE CONFERENCE OF PEACE BY NIGHT

"The sympathetic Martha"

MES AMIS—

IF this letter should come to be late you are to blame it on the post. It is not the fault to me. I have put it to the post at once the Conference is over. For I think you ought to know that the Conference of Peace has a lighter side as well as a serious. *Bien entendu*, it is not of the delegates themselves that I go to write the adventures. It is of the people who keep the delegates in order. I will not go more into the detail than that. You may, if you like, yourselves make the guesses. All that I can tell to you is that what I am about to write is the true-some of it. And what is not is meant to be like that, as it is better to avoid the complications when the heroes reach their homes.

YOU, as well as I, have noticed that a Conference of Peace is always a discoverer of places. It is quite easy for a Conference of Peace to find the Isle of Yap as soon as it is told that it is on the cable. There has been one time when it has not been simple to make sure the where-abouts of Teschen. But that has been the exception. *Eh bien!* It is, perhaps, the practice in the finding of the interesting places on the maps that has given the *joyeux* such a skill to discover the interesting places of our Paris. Naturally, it is in the evening, when the cares that so infest the day are ended—or at least postponed. And it is in the very, very late evening, not with a fixed purpose, but because the day of a Conference of Peace does not close until the French peasant has been long in bed. For most of the workers at the Conference it has been rare and fortunate to be on the right side of the dinner at twenty-two hours and a half. And so one is not to blame if it is the night which is filled with the music. There has most certainly been no chance in the day.

IT is one of the many advantages of the Hotel Crillon to find itself in the same block of buildings as Maxims. One has only to turn the corner of the Place de la Concorde into the Rue Royale, and the famous house with the red blinds is seen to offer the usual welcome light. One can always obtain a flying start for a merry round *chez* Maxim. There is always to be found a stalwart body of American correspondents. They can ever be depended on to offer minor peace-makers and major journalists from London the gladdest hand. And if the visitors appear inquisitive about the company, from M. Duval to the *sympathique* Marthe or Marcelle, then the boisterous boys from Broadway say, "Why, sure I'll make you known." And when Maxims has become so filled with minors and with majors that it is not easy to secure more supplies of the much-pulverised and shaken *sirops* so much favoured by the exiles from the "dry" country, they say "Well, boys, what about Montmartre?" And the minors and the majors whisper "*Oui!*"

"Complications when the heroes reach home"

THERE has been one night which has furnished stories that have been told over many, many times. I am not myself prepared to give my *parole* for a single one among the details. But I have been told the story as a whole so much and so often that it has appeared there must be some true somewhere.

I SHALL not tell if they were minors or were majors. For I think

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

"Which of the bare-backs is the most accomplished dancer"

to do that would not be too fair. I have, in fact, been told the names. But that, I think, has been because it is well-known that I can keep a secret.

THIS joy-night it has commenced *chez* Maxim. Here it is that has been born the spring of the enthusiasm which has led at the final to the great flood. When the *orchestre de Maxim* has provided for a "fox" or a hesitation or two, and the difficulty to obtain a *sirop* has been noticed, one has made the transfer to Elmano's, where has been the count-up to make sure that none is missing. Here there is the peace and plenty till the *pendule* says *une heure*. But after that is nothing more. *Cela veut dire* nothing until one has said the waited word "Montmartre." At the which has been a hurry for the ready autos, which have swiftly bounded up the hill to come to rest beneath the glaring lights of Pigall's. It is *bien difficile*, after many nights at Pigall's, to be sure which is the memory that most obtrudes—the bare-backs or the provocative strains of "Swanee." "Swanee" is quite probably not at all the only tune one hears, but it so dominates the atmosphere that one can frequently be heard to make the jerky notes between the most difficult bites of a sausage sandwich. It is very certain that for those who have been there for but the first time this night they have not any other impression but of bare-back and of "Swanee." For these *ingénus* it has been all that they have ever read of Paris compressed in the small space that allows for full appreciation. And they have appreciated. Much to the delight of the experienced pilots, who have not wished they should be disappointed in their expectations. They have experimented for themselves which of the bare-backs is the most accomplished dancer. And having tried them all have been so satisfied that they have said it could not have its equal. "But I can show you its *égal* across the street," has declared a listening bare-back. And at once the *ingénus* have wished to see before they would believe.

"Unwillingly attached to a fierce lady"

FIVE minutes after at the Monico they have joyfully agreed the knowledgeable has made good her promise. There is even slightly more bare-back, although perhaps not quite so much of "Swanee." And the skill to dance is also on the equal plane. On the way across the street there has been also glimpses of another side of Montmartre "life" which is a warning to an *ingénu* to not wander there alone. It is in the rush of "guides" who prowl about with offers to conduct the unsuspicious, and can only be discouraged by much forcefulness. Most fortunately there has been accompanying the party a *homme fort*, alternatively known as Vandyck or as Rembrandt because, I think, of his resemblance to the neither. He has paced in among the crowd of "guides" and growled at them in deep bass tones, and very rapidly the pertinacious ones have discovered they are *de trop*.

THERE has also been a mix-up with the youngest *ingénu*, who has become unwillingly attached to a fierce lady who would not release her conquest. He has thought, when she has seized his arm, it was she who offered to lead the way. And when he has seen that that one is already there on his arrival he has had the real dismay. But all has ended peacefully with the employment of a little diplomacy. And everyone has tricked back to his hotel about the time for *petit déjeuner*. You may have thought I was about to tell you more of the particular details. But I think it really better I should keep those back. The secrecy must still accompany the good diplomacy. ROLAND

Famous Fiction Characters

BROUGHT TO LIFE UNDER MODERN CONDITIONS

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

Ali Baba endeavours to cheer up the Captain of the Forty Thieves, who have all secured more lucrative work as Income Tax Collectors

A Knight at the Palace

TO SAY NOTHING OF A MONTH OF MATINÉES

BY MACMICHAEL

SIR HARRY LAUDER

Has returned to us once more for a brief spell at the Palace Theatre. His humorous charm remains unchanged; indeed, he keeps his audiences in a continuous simmer of smiles throughout the performance—and not the least good thing about it all is that the humour is clean

THE GREAT LOVER.

By "JINGLE"
Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THIS play has now been running for some months with considerable success, and it was, therefore, very thoughtful of my Editor to ask me to go and see it and give my opinion of it. I suppose that if my opinion had proved unfavourable, the management would have shut down promptly and apologetically, and have given me a personal undertaking to lead a better life for the future. It is, therefore, so fortunate for all concerned that the play has my entire approval; while the dominating figure in it, that of Mr. Maurice Moscovitch, positively inspires me to hero-worship. Mr. Moscovitch is an actor who would make any play noteworthy. Some parts of *The Great Lover* impress me, upon reflection, as being pretty poor stuff; but the fact that I did not notice these flaws at the time I attribute entirely to Mr. Moscovitch's dominating personality.

ONE of the most remarkable of his displays of perfect art is the reading of an old love-letter from one of the ladies of his past. His valet gives him the letter taken from a box containing quite a collection of these philandering reminiscences, and it would almost appear from this that the ladies are not alone in their tender anxiety to preserve such memories in lavender and old lace. Mr. Moscovitch at first smiles indulgently as he reads, and then is surprised into a knowing chuckle. This he apologises for promptly with the excuse that the letter is, if anything, on the frivolous side; and because I suppose every woman is at heart what the poet said, the ladies in the audience giggle furiously. Then Mr. Moscovitch sits down to the fuller enjoyment of his revived memories, and laughs aloud, while at the same time contriving with a singular success to convey the idea that he is really doing his best to repress an access of mirth which the severe might regard as a little unseemly. It is quite a masterly performance in every way.

As most people know by this time, Jean Paurel (Mr. Moscovitch) has been nicknamed "The Great Lover," not because he has

(Continued on page 350)

A Corner

'COOK, AT PRESENT FREE, IS OPEN TO CONSI

in Cooks

BY GRAHAM SUTHERLAND

DER SUITABLE OFFERS" ———— DON'T CRUSH!

raised the Grand Passion to its apotheosis, but because of his wide and varied experience of the fitful feminine. It is common experience that there are impressionable ladies who can stand unmoved in the presence of a great warrior or a distinguished scientist, but who feel an irresistible impulse to throw themselves at the feet of any bull-necked baritone who can sing of love with the right kind of throatiness. Jean Paurel's success in the primrose path may be partly due to the fact that, with all his amours, he has remained unmarried, and is thus able to preserve in the mind of every fresh conquest the sweet delusion that she is the only girl he has ever really loved. They say there are still quite a number of ladies who are willing to accept such a dubious protestation as if it were a part of Holy Writ. In any case, Paurel certainly can claim to go one better than some of his brother vocalists, against one of whom it is alleged that he still goes a-courting, although he has two wives already, and may, therefore, be presumed to have shouldered his fair share of domestic responsibility.

But it is when Jean Paurel meets Ethel Warren that he comes, as it were, to his first fence. This lady is represented with a pleasant charm and a rare talent by Miss Julia James who, manages successfully to drag a little real romance into a story of rather drab adventures not usually emphasised by the discreet. Ethel Warren is, of course, very proud to be honoured by the attentions of the Maestro, but, having been properly brought up, she has a quite unconquerable prejudice in favour of a legally sanctioned relationship before setting up house with a male admirer. Some of our antiquated social customs are still hard to break down! Miss James is probably at her best when she learns that the great artist, who has been moved to propose marriage in opposition, apparently, to his life-long principles, has lost his voice, and will never be able to sing again. The scene is necessarily a little unconvincing, because it is obvious that Jean Paurel will not at the end hold her to her engagement. But while the complication lasts, nebulous as it is, Miss James manages to give a convincing air to the fine spirit of loyalty which moves her to stand by an old friend when he is down.

MISS BEVERLEY SITGREAVES AS GIULIA SABATTINI

JULIA JAMES AS ETHEL WARREN

MAURICE MOSCOVITCH AS JEAN PAUREL

Whichever way the story leads, however, it comes back to Mr. Moscovitch and his superb art. He is not merely the querulous baritone, uninteresting outside his own particular talent; but strides through the play as a practical and large-hearted philosopher. Like other distinguished artists, he is jealous of his understudy; but, unlike them, he is broad-minded enough to confess to the

apprehensions that govern his jealousy. He takes his understudy aside and tells the young man that he cannot afford to let his part be taken, even for an hour, by a man who can probably sing better than himself. Such refreshing candour! And when the first shock is over and he realises that his voice has gone for ever, there is a fine *che sarà sarà* note in his philosophy that is stimulating and wholesome to a degree.

MR. MOSCOVITCH has one or two artists of distinction in his company, but he easily dwarfs them all. The one actor who succeeds, in spite of the star handicap, in impressing his personality upon us is Mr. Michael Sherbrooke, who plays the part of a German musical conductor. Mr. Sherbrooke appears only in the first act, which is a marvel of the polyglot. Excitable singers talk and shriek in English, German, and Italian till the combination becomes as illuminating as a *table d'hôte* dinner in Soho. Mr. Sherbrooke rushes on with a fine Teutonic accent to ask how he can be expected to conduct efficiently when Signora This declines to act with Herr That and Madame Tother won't act with either of them! Finally, when he has been able to restore a little harmony among his artistes, the orchestra thinks up a new grievance, and threatens to come out on strike. Mr. Sherbrooke's excitability during his efforts to reconcile his artistes, is admirably assumed, and his comic dismay at the final catastrophe is a work of art in itself.

EVEN the "Great Lover" is not above the petty jealousies that seem inseparable from distinguished careers. His *bête noire* is the Signora Giulia Sabattini, with whom he refuses to act. The Signora has the presumption to think that she ought to be Jean Paurel's leading lady just because she was once his mistress! Paurel's denunciation of the lady is quite amusing. He has sung with her in all the big cities of the world, and she has always tried to spoil the delicate perfection of his top notes, either by hugging him too tightly during a stage embrace or by pinching his arm till his rich baritone threatened to end in a squeak of pain. It is all very human and very delightful. The end of the play is something in the way of an anti-climax, but in such a play a little thing like that need not surprise anybody. Jean Paurel having met the one love of his life and lost her, answers a telephone call from an irresponsible lady friend, and fixes up an extensive lunch programme on the spot. It needs the genius of an actor like Mr. Moscovitch to make such a play convincing, and his success is as remarkable as it is unquestioned.

JINGLE

IS THAT ALL?

BY DELL LEIGH

THE Café des Narcisses was rapidly filling up. It was the hour of the evening *apéritif*. It was a "good season" in the view of all hotel syndicates and restaurant managers throughout those Cantons in Switzerland where the lure of the somewhat vague term "Winter Sports" draws the idle and the enthusiast. Moreover, Switzerland has now had time to recover her equilibrium from the thunderous shock of war about all her gates, and is in her seasonal, money-making stride once again. The gloom of night settles early about the purple and white mountains of Murrelhaus, and if there is no moon the bob-sleighs and the long boots with skates attached go back to the snug, overheated hotels; and the young men, and sometimes the maidens, drift down to this or that particular *café* for "just one, don't you know, before dinner, you will dance so much better afterwards."

Of such a coterie was "Buz" Wilson. At one time an earnest student of languages prior to the Diplomatic Service. Subsequently a machine-gun officer of distinction along a certain sector of the Western Front, until a bullet in the thigh landed him in a German prison camp near Cologne, but latterly, by the providential decease of an aunt with large means, an idle wanderer upon the face of Europe with a sketch book and a highly developed sense of humour. The irresistible call from the front seat of the fastest bob-sleigh team that could be found held him now in Murrelhaus, although a one-time compound fracture of the thigh made dancing at night difficult. But the very cosmopolitan crowd which filled the Café des Narcisses nightly from six to eight afforded him infinite amusement, since of the half dozen languages spoken around him he was fluent in four.

To-night, in spite of the laughing crowd which poured in through the swing doors, Buz was interested in the zeal of the waiter who defended a certain empty table at the far end from the importunities of those who would sit about it.

"Ah, *non, Monsieur*," he would repeat again and again, "I regret, it is engaged, that table." And he stood guard over it, napkin under arm, loyally. "H'm," mused Buz, "are they expecting Princes of the Blood, or what?"

The reason soon became clear when three very Prussian officers of the old Potsdam school pushed self importantly through the swing doors. Every bristle on Buz Wilson's back rose as he watched them through the gathering haze of tobacco smoke. Their very presence flicked back kaleidoscopically through Wilson's mind the old Concentration Camp days, and the rain swishing through the wire fencing. There they stood about the table, as ever, the personification of bullying overmastery, albeit they were on neutral ground, with the War, and their lesson, behind them.

Many eyes, English and otherwise, in the full *café* were turned towards them, few were friendly glances.

The waiter had stiffened like a ramrod when the head of the first German appeared through the doors, and he remained thus before the guarded table, sentry-wise.

"Ho, ho! my merry gentlemen," thought Wilson, looking at the waiter's back with an experienced eye, "brothers in exile is it?" and he fumbled for his sketch book. This would amuse Tom at home.

The three sat down pompously, ignoring utterly the faithful waiter who advanced diffidently with a menu.

Then the smaller of the brotherhood, a fat, licentious looking man with cruel eyes, rapped loudly with his fist on the table.

There fell a silence upon the Café des Narcisses.

The head waiter, talking to the proprietress at the counter, looked round swiftly.

To him was held up a fat majesterial finger, and a loud voice shouted an order:

"*Ober!*"

The head waiter advanced almost at the double. On reaching their table he was ordered brusquely away with the command:

"*Sieben schritten abstan!*" (Stand away seven paces).

Buz, like most of the other people, now highly interested and amused, noticed that the head waiter, too, had been trained in the same school, for, with dismay written large upon his face, he, too, had sprung instinctively to attention, and stepped back the regulation seven paces.

"*Speisecarte!*" (Menu) snapped out the order.

It was produced jerkily from an inner pocket.

"*Lesen*" (Read).

And it was read, in German, dish by dish, the while a congregation marvelled.

"*Ist das alle?*" (Is that all?) asked a querulous voice at its conclusion.

The *Ober* nodded and licked dry lips.

"*Schrechlich!*" (Appalling!) thundered the Prussian in disgusted tones and turned with a shrug to his companions.

But, to his amazement, everyone laughed. A gust of ribald laughter flooded the café. They really couldn't help it. They were led into it by Buz, who leaned back in his seat and laughed with the open mouth. This explosion of Potsdamism was too much altogether. As he wiped tears of pure joy away with his handkerchief, he observed that the German who had caused the merriment was frowning angrily in his direction and handing the head waiter a card, motioning at the same time imperiously towards him.

A flash of inspiration came to Buz, who divined at once the meaning of the card. As it was being borne anxiously towards him on a salver, Buz, lifting up his voice that all might

BY WILMOT LUNT

"NIL NISI BONUM"

"Hello, old man. How's business?" "Hush! Speak reverently of the dead!"

hear, and glaring at the waiter, cried:

"*Sieben schritten abstan!*" in perfect German. The waiter obeyed again.

"*Lesen!*" commanded Buz, pointing a disdainful finger at the card.

The minion in an awed voice read:

"Herr Graaf Von Und Zu Hoch Wohl Geborn Munchhausen."

"*Ist das alle?*" enquired Buz coldly.

"*Ya, Mein Herr,*" replied the waiter, deferentially.

"*Schrechlich,*" responded Buz with a disgusted shrug, and turned, yawning, to his evening paper.

Again was the Café des Narcisses flooded with unseemly laughter, and one or two people clapped their hands.

Buz, entirely unmoved, continued to be absorbed in *Le Tribune de Genève*.

But the Potsdam trio rose from their seats with set faces, and began getting heavily into fur-lined overcoats.

It may be a little difficult in these days to understand the extraordinary success which Mr. W. H. Mallock's first book enjoyed. Yet when *The New Republic* appeared Society had not yet become amorphous, and the polite conventions were still fixed neatly into the narrowest groove. Since that day Mr. Mallock has gone his own way, writing politico-philosophical treatises and thoughtful romances which are anything but dull, and even to-day by no means out-of-date. He can write well, and with just that insistance of a forceful personality without which no book can hope for more than temporary recognition. And so when in old age he publishes his *Memoirs of Life and Literature* (Chapman and Hall: 16*s.* net) you will know within limits what to expect.

* *

Mr. Mallock has always endeavoured to find a bridge between the past and the future, and here explains his own methods in some gracious chapters which carry you along easily enough. Birth and environment both helped him, and he has known most of his more prominent contemporaries. There is a breath of the *ancien régime* at its best in his pages, and good stories abound. The historians will give Mr. Mallock his niche, and perhaps they will credit him with a greater influence on contemporary thought than critics of to-day would accord him.

* *

The question of life on other planets has always exercised a peculiar fascination for writers of romance. With quite a small amount of astronomical knowledge you can build up themost outlandish pictures. Some of these are extraordinarily interesting and plausible—Mr. Wells's Martians, for instance—but most of them, I find, are either too fantastic for belief or too like our own poor earthian selves. The most popular planet for this sort of thing is, of course, Mars, though Venus is a good second, and there must be a score of books which ambitiously take you the whole round tour, so to speak, ending up, as often as not, in the sun. But Mr. David Lindsay, in his amazing romance, *A Voyage to Arcturus* (Methuen: 8*s.* 6*d.* net), goes one better. He despises à mere inter-planetary journey, and boldly sets out to explore the outermost limits of space, choosing for his detailed investigation a world called Tormance, which is a satellite revolving round the twin-suns of Arcturus. And very justly does he speak of Tormance as "that mysterious and terrible earth."

* *

It is useless for the reviewer to attempt more than a hint of the kind of adventures which are in store for the ill-fated Maskull. In Tormance life is complicated in all sorts of unearthian ways. Growth, both physical and mental, is generally a matter of minutes, or even of seconds. Most of the inhabitants have extra limbs or organs, which enable their possessors to do all kinds of remarkable things. There are new colours—have you ever thought that it is impossible to *visualise* a new primary colour?—and life in Mr. Lindsay's world is like an astounding nightmare. It is a bloodthirsty place; in fact, the hell of a place, and Maskull is generally killing off somebody or other, not in the usual way with a weapon known to us, but by will-power or horrible magic. I do not suppose that a book has ever been written with so frightful a background, but it is possible to read between the lines, and you gather that there is a new philosophy of life behind Mr. Lindsay's neologistic phantasy: this saves *A Voyage to Arcturus* from being a mere nightmare, and invests it not only with a strange dignity of its own, but also with a particular interest for those who may have studied the sub-conscious mind and its symbols. It is a daring book, not to be skipped lightly for a mere thrill of excitement, and if a particular criticism were required, it would fasten itself upon the first chapter, wherein a spiritualistic *séance* at Hampstead is in progress. This may be a necessary prologue for Mr. Lindsay's terrific panorama, but to some it will strike a wrong note. R. S.

THE ECONOMIST By Ellis Silas

"Why hae ye gi'en ower smokin', Mac?"

"Weel, it's no a pleasure. A buddy's ain tebaccy, ye ken, costs ower muckle, and if ye're smokin' anither buddy's ye ha'e to ram yer pipe sae tight it'll no draw"

At the Opéra Comique

Photograph *J. Sabourin*

MLLE. BOURGA

A Parisian dancer who recently "starred" as "The Indian Girl" at the Opéra Comique, where she made a big success. She will shortly give some wonderful new Indian, Egyptian, and Grecian dances at the Théâtre de l'Œuvre, in Paris.

A Talk With the New Great. By C. M. Reece

I AM a reporter on the staff of a celebrated paper, and in my young experience I have interviewed many of the greatest, but never so nervously and tremblingly as to-day, when I was to meet Broadbent, who is now known to the world as one of the greatest unemployers of the age.

My chief had secured duly stamped permits from the various unemployment associations which were to help me filter through to the big-brained man who could take organised labour by the throat at any moment.

I say I was nervous, but the happy easy-going manner of the underling who passed me into the presence of the Great Man was reassuring.

I found him seated at his desk (they always are, all great men) in a room at the top of a municipal building, which, as he told me, increase of the organising staff of unemployment had compelled him to take over.

He sat there with the eyes and visage of a dreamer (had I seen that face upon the Embankment many years before?), and to accelerate the business of my coming I plunged into a series of questions.

Would he tell us something of his past life?

He would. It appeared that from his earliest boyhood he had shown a bent for unemployment. Work had always been distasteful to him, and even at school he always had schemes in his brain, which, unfortunately for him, his masters had always endeavoured to suppress. His brave little essay, "What is the Use of Work?" had been severely dealt with. As a youth he began to show a genius for the theory of unemployment, and was early marked out in official circles for distinction.

"Funnily enough," he remarked, "my father was a worker, and went regularly to work every day—but I was made of different stuff."

"Exactly," I replied.

At this juncture he paused to receive the latest wires from the course, and these he dealt with in the quick, keen manner that has helped to make him what he is.

And now, with a view to leading off his great brain into a side-channel, to get round and behind him, as it were, I asked him to speak of his life off duty, away from all the stress and bustle of all this great unemployment scheme that his busy brain was planning and devising.

He replied that his pursuits off duty were few. A little racing (starting price only) and, when he could get away to the country, a night out on the river with his salmon-nets, or, perhaps, a day here and there with his whippets.

"That was all," said Broadbent, stretching himself with such easy grace that I could not help contrasting him with the crude manners of our working-men.

"And now, Mr. Broadbent, how lies the future?"

At once he was alert. I could see his great brain wrestling in its fight against employment, "this cheap idea," as he called it, "which was going to stifle and crush the imagination of humanity."

When I asked for statistics of his work he told me of the great increase in the number of his converts and of the neat little pile of money that each one drew in return for faithful service in his army.

"Where there are a million of us unemployed to-day," he cried, "there will be two million to-morrow, and twice that a month after." With a little organisation the whole country could be persuaded to grasp hold of the great truth which had been his boyhood's dream.

"Some of my men," he added, "are so imbued with my ideas that I am not using exaggerated words when I call them unemployable."

"Certainly not," I agreed.

"Our organisation is now so great, the Government are forced to recognise all that we are doing—they even provide us with police," and all this with that touch of pride in his achievements which is the proper possession of all the great.

"Our recruiting bands have penetrated into every London thoroughfare—our collecting-box return will show you that.

"We look, in the future, to setting up an organised system of unemployment which will kill the very germs of labour. Our great ideal will strangle the very soul of labour and the class disputes that follow in its wake.

"There can be no more strikes. . . ."

As I turned to leave him I heard in the distance the sweet strains of "Annie Laurie," and, looking through the window, saw one of the smartest companies of "The Unemployed" come swinging into view, and read the few simple words inscribed upon the banner:

"We Are Unemployed—Join Us."

By Peter Fraser

A REAL ANTIQUE

"An old building? I should say so, sir! Why, that there door dates further back than tuppenny bacon an' empty 'ouses!"

An "Organ"ised Scandal

BY ALFRED LEETE

1ST ORGANIST: "I'm fed up with this, I'm goin' 'ome!"

2ND ditto: "Yus, and what's goin' to 'appen to my reputation when you've left me alone wiv the horgan?"

BY F. S. MAY

LENT!

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHETTE." *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *February* 14

DEAR COUSIN—

RATHER a pity, perhaps, that St. Valentine's Day's gone so frightfully out of fashion and faded away into one of our forgotten festivals—except as a sort of excuse for special "gala nights" and things at dance clubs like the Grafton and places. I mean, would be lovely, wouldn't it, and add heaps of excitement to the (probably foggy and electric-lighted) breakfast table of February 14 if the morning's post included, besides the usual bills and dance invitations, etc., a whole bevy, or bunch, or batch of those beautiful perfumed lace-edged cards with pictures of hearts and darts and all the rest of it, like our grandmothers apparently used to get? And the quite too perfect verses all about loves and doves and kisses and blisses that (so our aged progenitors recall) used also to be inscribed thereon. . . .

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ARE we getting prosaic, I wonder, or only more—well, direct? There are fashions in lovemaking I suppose, as in everything else. Can't quite see the man and girl of to-day writing long and elaborate letters to each other, for instance, that breathe the most distant and respectful devotion, or flopping fervently on their knees, or bashfully dropping and picking up coy flow'rets or 'kerchiefs, to be cherished furtively next to timidly beating hearts or sighingly pressed between the leaves of a book. When surnames are a back-number and you hold the loved one's hand (at the very least) first time of meeting, somehow seems silly, doesn't it, to go backwards, as it were, and observe the ancient forms and ceremonies of a bygone age?

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BUT after all, and all the same, *l'amour* is still *l'amour*, and *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*, what? And I'm not sure our way of conducting it isn't really the better, anyway, in our less leisured times. Think of what the expense of an old-fashioned courtship would be, for one thing, these super-priced and super-taxed days! Months and months and years and years of daily bunches of flowers from Solomon's, with every bloom costing rather more than its weight in gold . . . Theatre tickets *ad lib.* at twelve-and-six a time . . . Dinners at fifteen bob or so a head . . . . Positively has to adopt rush methods, the modern lover does—or else there'd be precious little left to live on by the time the courtship *à la mode de Victoria* (or even *Edouard*) had run its full and dilatory course.

"Sighingly pressed between the leaves of a book"

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LIKELY to be poorer soon, too, we are, apparently, if all they tell us about our war debts and things is true. Seems we owe the U.S. alone a hundred millions a year for interest on our debt to her, and as that's just exactly the sum the Huns have got to pay us . . . well, won't be much left over for extras, will there? And seeing also that our late enemies are now kicking and screaming and swearing that they can't possibly pay—looks *rather* as if we shall quite possibly be more or less in the cart, not to say down and out, spite of having "won the War."

"There'd be precious little to live on by the time the courtship *à la mode de* Victoria had run its full course"

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MUSTN'T be downhearted about it though, must we? And hearken also to the comfortable words that Mr. Lloyd George saith. We are simply going through the inevitable difficulties that ensue after a great war (said he, airily). Absolutely nothing, nothing at all, compared to what happened after the Napoleonic campaigns. When there were frightfully heavy debts, great depression of trade, lots of unemployment, terrible distress. Poof, and also pah! And, of *course*, we shall get through all right in the end, and be stronger and mightier and more prosperous than ever before (loud and prolonged cheers).

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

SOUNDS lovely, doesn't it? and I'm sure I hope and want to believe it's quite all right. May as well, really—'cos there isn't very much else for us to do. And as Parliament meets again to-morrow we shall be quite safe once more in the hands of our reassembled legislators, *n'est-ce pas?* Or, as they put it in that other well-known French phrase, *Je ne pense pas*. And with the Court's return to town, we feel quite *en règle* in joining in the dance, or the theatre-party, or whatever other form of seasonable revelry may come to hand.

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THAT'S another of our Georgian innovations, by the way, methinks—the total abolition of the old-style rigid and unelastic "season" which started at a given date in May and finished up irrevocably and inexorably and unanimously at a certain precise and prescribed period somewhere about the end of July. We begin when we like now, and leave off when we like—though certainly Goodwood and Cowes do still, as a rule, put a period to, at any rate, our London activities.

"Screaming and swearing that they can't pay"

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WHEREIN must be included, at present, anyway, the visiting of picture galleries all and sundry. Never, I think, was there such an outburst of artistic energy within the memory of man, or woman. They abound, they multiply, they flourish—

"Someone who could tell what they really mean"

the exhibitions of art of all sorts and kinds placed before the innocent and not over-critical nose of the ardent and art-loving Londoner. At the Society of Portrait Painters, for one, which opened its show last week, and where there are, fortunately, pictures to suit all tastes.

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LOTS of nice conventional ones, with special frocks or garter robes for the occasion. And some real good stuff by Gerald Kelly, for instance, and some of Oswald Birley's in his best manner—which is not at all of the all-too-prevalent lithographic kind. And there are one or two George Lamberts which have quality as well as execution. But oh, alas! the frightfully wooden Rankens and Sholto Douglases and others of the academic temperament—even though they may not yet have won the R.A. honours that are, surely, their due!

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A RELIEF, almost, to wander into a show like the Independent Gallery in Grafton Street, where at least convention does not rule—in fact, exists only to be flouted. And the more completely and brutally, the better—so one gathers. There are things here which I'm *sure* I ought to have studied more carefully, and which, if I *had* more carefully studied, I should have found out the meaning of. Which, p'raps, sounds just a bit involved—what?—but what I mean to say is, I'm perfectly positive they're all perfectly good pictures—and I only wish I knew, or could meet someone else who knew and could tell me, what they really mean.

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SERIOUSLY, though, there are one or two fine Paul Nashes here, especially the pale green "Coast Scene," with its wonderful waves. And Walter Sickert's graphic "The Gallery" is alone worth the price of admission. But may I please be permitted to smile, ignorantly and laically, at Keith Baynes's fat women in "The Lamp," and E. McKnight Kauffer's cubistic sunflowers, and Edward Wadsworth's elongated "Boy"? I'm sure they're all splendid, only we're not quite educated up to them yet. Anyway, though, I'd exchange a dozen of the conventional dolly-faced Portrait Society pictures any day for one of these bold, unconventional, incomprehensible, perhaps, but, anyway, at least original and ambitious products of the brains that are, whatever their faults, striving to work out their own salvation instead of slavishly copying the methods of yesterday. Even their very "still lifes," their rolls on plates, their salmons on dishes, seem to bite at one with a flash of vigorous life and energy!

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

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Coulthwaite may have a dangerous candidate, and people who should know tell me that Glencorrig is better than Eamon Beag, though I was inclined to think the other way. I have searched diligently among the light-weights without finding much inspiration. In short, it is a proper puzzle and looks like being one of the most open Grand Nationals within memory.

Gatwick Prospects

LET us turn to some of the more immediate problems. Gatwick will have some tough nuts for backers to crack at the end of the week. The first half of the National Trial Steeplechase on Friday should, I think, be won by **Gracious Gift.** He has a big weight, but his class is better than that of the rest. In fact, he is one that I am watching in connection with Aintree. The International Hurdle Race on the same day is very open. I am divided between **Galroy** and **Waterbottle,** with a slight preference for the latter. On Saturday the other division of the National Trial Chase looks like bringing out a real Aintree field. **Anytime** may prove the winner.

COL. THE HON. C. J. COVENTRY By "THE TOUT"

The Starter and Club Secretary of Hurst Park has been for many years a prominent figure in the sport between the flags and starts most of the big events. He used to ride across country, and has trained good winners

HUNTING NOTES

February Points

FEBRUARY days are proving delightful to foxhunters. The going is sound, the weather just right, and while scent is still a bit catchy, there have been occasions when hounds have run like wildfire. Foxes are proverbially at their best in the shortest month of the year. They travel further afield, often many miles from their usual haunts. When hounds get on to one of these enterprising customers and have a serving scent to help them, you can usually depend upon a good point. In the Shires this month there have been several rousing gallops, in which foxes, disdaining the shelter of coverts, have continued their course until they have found the refuge of a far-away earth or else have yielded their brushes in the open. Two such runs have lately fallen to Mrs. Fernie's hounds, while the Cottesmore have had their share of good hunts, in which the pack had needed practically no help from the huntsman.

Lord Lonsdale's Successor

I REFERRED briefly last week to the appointment of a new Master to the Cottesmore. The choice of the Hunt Committee meets with general approval in the Shires. It is agreed on all hands that Mr. James Baird should make as good an M.F.H. as his father was before him. If he does that, followers of the Cottesmore will assuredly have no cause for complaint, as the late Mr. Baird proved himself singularly well fitted for the responsible work of hunting a fashionable pack. The best proof of his success is the fact that he held office for twenty seasons, which is much longer than the average M.F.H. in the Shires sticks to the job. Usually in the first flight when hounds are running, Mr. Baird has the advantage of knowing every field in the Cottesmore country, and the prospects seem to be that he will meet with much success in the difficult task of following Lord Lonsdale.

Photograph *Illustrations Co.*

LADY FINLAY

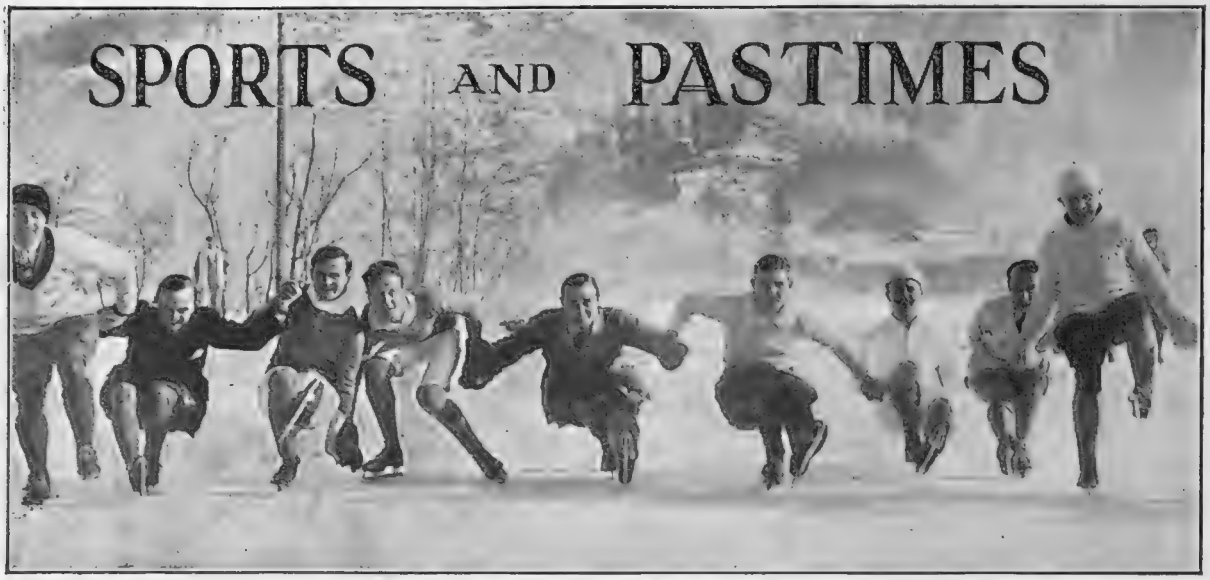
At a recent meet of the Garth, which took place near Ascot at Cæsar's Camp

Expenses

NOT the least pleasing feature of the second half of the season is the tendency for prices to fall in the matter of stable necessaries. Goodness knows, they are still high enough, but oats, hay, and straw have dropped appreciably from the dizzy heights of last season. Foxhunting has become such an expensive pursuit since the War that every little helps. The worst thing that could happen to the sport is that it should become almost exclusively confined to very rich people. Your one and two-horse man is usually quite as keen a sportsman as the lucky fellow who can keep six or more in the stable, and every endeavour should be made not to crowd him out.

A. W. C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES



Photograph] QUITE EASY—WHEN YOU KNOW HOW TO DO IT [*Photo Press*

A snapshot from Chamonix where winter sports of all kinds are now in full swing. This particular "stunt," in which the linked line of skaters, having got up speed, sink down and proceed on one leg, is very effective when done neatly. Here the line is a bit wobbly in places

RUGBY FOOTBALL

The Rumpus at Swansea

THE behaviour of the crowd at Swansea during the International match between Scotland and Wales when it encroached upon the field of play to such an extent that at one time the game nearly came to an abrupt end was, no doubt, reprehensible in the extreme. But it is quite a mistake to suppose that this behaviour was due to an excess of partisanship of the kind which has before now led to scenes of violence at matches between professional Association teams. The cause of the whole trouble was that thousands of people were admitted to the ground who had not a ghost of a chance of seeing anything at all of the play. In other words, those in charge of the arrangements were wholly responsible for the rumpus, which would not have happened if they had closed the gates as soon as the ground was really, for looking-on purposes, full. A crowd with a grievance is not much concerned about the seemliness of its behaviour, and I doubt whether any other crowd would have behaved much better in similar circumstances. But, of course, it is essential for the good of the game that there should be no chance of a recurrence of such happenings.

F. S. BOND

Who recently beat the champion, C. J. Tolley, in the match between the Oxford University and Royal Wimbledon Golf Clubs. Last week he was beaten by the Cambridge Captain, G. N. P. Humphries. *Vide* **next page**

LAWN TENNIS

The Davis Cup Aftermath

NOW that the American Davis Cup winners have returned home a brief survey of their doings after their victory in Auckland may not be out of place, although it is by no means easy to appraise at their exact value the results of the matches in which they took part. No doubt Messrs. Tilden and Johnston, having achieved their main object, the capture of the Cup, were not quite at concert pitch. Having experienced the *joie de vaincre* they doubtless were not wholly unmindful of the *joie de vivre*. On the other hand, we may take it that there was no diminution of that feeling of strong, if friendly, rivalry which is inherent in all men of mark, and that, even if being beaten did not so very much matter, they tried sufficiently hard to win. What has just been said above may also be applied, *mutatis mutandis*, to the Australians.

Photographs Sport & General

MISS JOYCE WETHERED

Winner, with a score of 84, of the first Open Golf Competition of the year for ladies. It was held at Worplesdon last week

Tilden Unbeaten

TAKING the two encounters in Melbourne and Sydney together we find that at both places the encounter lasted for three days during which two Singles and one Double were played on each day, but, apart from this, no hard-and-fast order of play seems to have been attempted, the main idea being, apparently, to make the programme as attractive as possible from an exhibition point of view. In both encounters America won by a comfortable margin. Tilden preserved his unbeaten record in Singles. He did not play Patterson, but he met Brookes twice, and on the second occasion (in Sydney) only just got home by the skin of his teeth in a match in which the play of both is reported to have been very fine. Johnston, having beaten Brookes with the loss of

(*Continued on page 372*)

Inter-Collegiate Athletics at Oxford

THE START OF THE MILE

Won by W. R. Milligan (University), who beat E. A. Montague, his conqueror in the half-mile, by a foot

E. A. MONTAGUE
(Magdalen)

Winning the half-mile. W. R. Milligan, who was second, turned the tables on him in the mile

R. STAPLEDON
(Queen's)

Winning the high jump: he did 5ft. 5in. S. Earl (Magdalen), the rowing Blue, tied with S. Howard of Christchurch for second place

Photographs] *[Sport and General*

M. C. NOKES (Magdalen) PUTTING THE WEIGHT

He was third in this event, but won the hammer with a fine throw of 135ft. 10in. As will be seen from the picture, there was a large attendance to witness these events, which constituted the final and deciding round of the Inter-Collegiate Cup at Oxford last week. Magdalen were first with 26 points, Christchurch second with 24 5-6 points, Queen's third with 21 5-6 points, and University last

SPORTS AND PASTIMES (concluded)

a set, lost one Single, and this was to Patterson, an unexpected result in view of the fact that Washburn had beaten Patterson on the previous day. It meant that the Patterson of 1919 had come back to life, but, all the same, his resurrection will never be complete until he remodels his backhand, even as his great predecessor, Wilding, did before him. Washburn played three Singles, beating Patterson (as above recorded) and Hawkes, but losing to Heath, who thus showed that he is still a force to be reckoned with. His victory over W. A. Larned contributed in no small degree to the American Davis Cup *débâcle* of 1911.

Interesting Doubles

THE Doubles matches were even more interesting. Brookes took unto himself a new partner in O'Hara Wood, and the pair in a series of three matches with Tilden and Johnston had the satisfaction of winning the rubber—an indication, for what it is worth, that Brookes and O'Hara Wood are a better pair than Brookes and Patterson, and that Tilden and Johnston are not as invulnerable in Doubles as their individual form in Singles would lead one to expect. It will be remembered that they were beaten at Wimbledon last summer by their compatriots, Williams and Garland, but that they beat Brookes and Patterson in the Davis Cup. To complicate matters Brookes and Patterson were beaten, also by a pair of compatriots, O'Hara Wood and Thomas, at Wimbledon in 1919, but subsequently won the Doubles Championship of America, so that we are presented with quite a pretty problem in comparative values, in which the salient fact is that O'Hara Wood can be regarded as one of the finest Doubles players in the world.

Photograph P. I. C.

G. N. P. HUMPHRIES

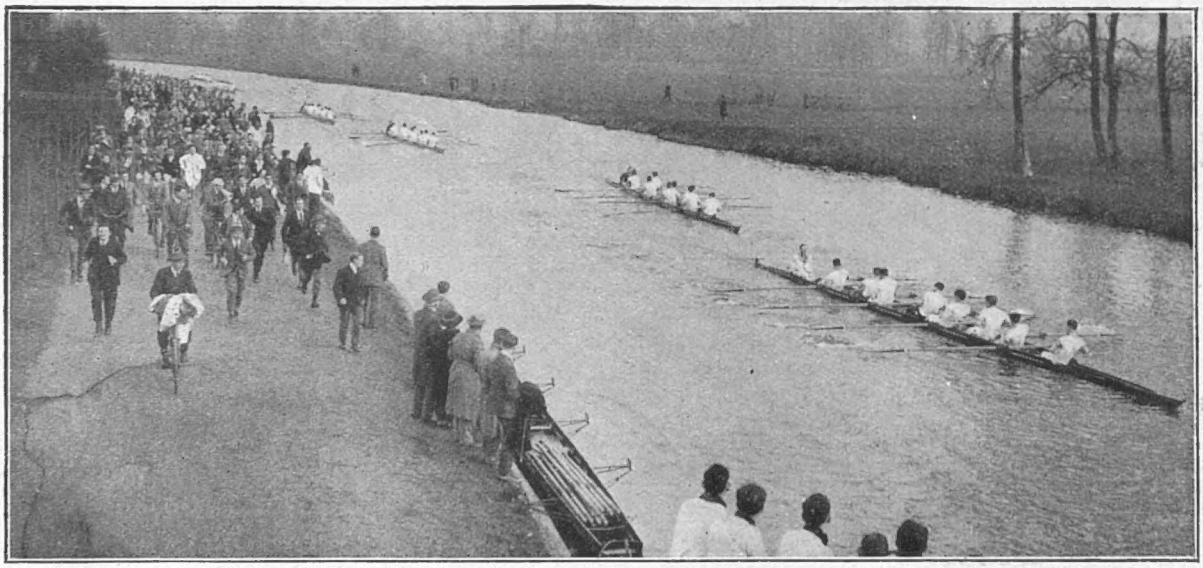
The Cambridge Captain, playing from the first tee in the match in which his team lost to the Royal Wimbledon Club last week. He himself beat F. S. Bond, who had previously beaten the Oxford Captain, C. J. Tolley

ROWING

The 'Varsity Crews

IN the work of building up the crews for the 'Varsity Boat Race Cambridge have enjoyed a distinct initial advantage in having a stroke ready to hand in H. H. S. Hartley, who has already proved his worth in that position by stroking Cambridge to victory in 1920. Oxford, on the other hand, have had to look about for one, for, although Ellis is available, last year's race seemed to indicate that, however good he may be, he is hardly equal to the physical strain of stroking a crew over the long journey from Putney to Mortlake. And yet there are already indications that Oxford may train on into a very polished and speedy crew. Cambridge are heavy and powerful, but they are inclined to be sluggish, and one or two of the heavy-weights are, comparatively speaking, novices, whereas Oxford's "heavies" are oarsmen of experience. At present it looks as if we shall have two crews with the same distinctive characteristics as those of last year, but I expect the Oxford crew to be more powerful than that of 1920. Cambridge have entered upon the second stage of their training at Ely this week, and Oxford are due at Henley on the 28th.

H. S. S.



Photograph *Sport and General*

THE "LENTS" AT CAMBRIDGE

The Lent Races at Cambridge took place last week from Wednesday onwards, and in spite of the cold were followed with the customary white-heat of enthusiasm by the supporters of the various crews. Our illustration shows a general view of the course near to the finishing point

CORELLI

Will you make the test?

FOR some time now you have read the advertisements of Corelli Italian Vermouth.

You have seen that, because of its superior vinosity, aromatic herbs and very fine brandy, Corelli has gained for itself the reputation of Italy's Best Vermouth.

You have been advised, because of this fact, to insist on Corelli as the basis of your Cocktails.

You have seen that Gin-and-Corelli is *the* appetiser of the age and that Corelli-and-Soda is a most refreshing and invigorating beverage.

You have also seen that Corelli is wonderfully rich in health promoting qualities, and that taken alone it is a delightful drink.

The object of *this* advertisement is to suggest that you give yourself a treat. Buy a bottle of Corelli, which is obtainable from your favourite Hotel, Stores or Wine Merchant. It will not only confirm all that we have said, it will not only prove to you what a charming old wine Italy's most popular Vermouth really is, but it will also give you a fresh conception of what Vermouth ought to be.

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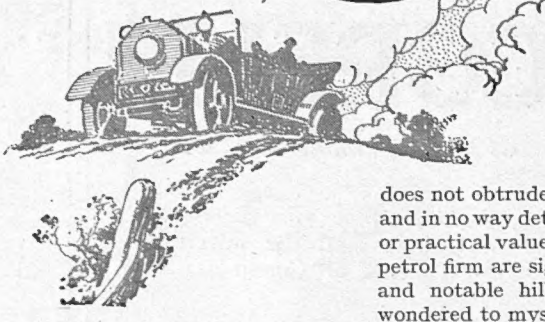


SOME folk imagine the average police constable to be always on the look-out to run people in on the slightest excuse. I and plenty of other people know better than that, and though the Kingston (Surrey) constabulary have a reputation for being "hard on motorists," even these men don't, and won't, haul a motorist before the Justices if they have not a very clear case against the offender. The simple reason is that unless they can get a conviction practically assured they get a black mark against their name in the roll and lose every chance of promotion. That makes them hesitate before committing themselves, so I am sure motorists need not fear the "common danger" prosecution if they are sensible drivers when the speed-limit is abolished. And if they are not their fellow-motorists ought to be glad that they have been hauled up, and I write this, being a bit of a hustler on the road myself—at the proper time and place, which is the crux of the whole story.

* * *

SIGNPOST reform is in the air, and I and all other motorists wonder if anything practical is going to be done. Pious recommendations will not carry the job very far in regard to practical execution of work, and it appears to me that somebody has got to put a bit of "ginger" in the M. of T. if all that has been written on the subject is to take practical effect. 'Pon my word, the much-abused Shell Company deserve high praise for their new stunt in decent and helpful advertising. Have you noticed their signs at the foot and top of many of the chief hills in England? If not, look out for them at the foot and summit of Westerham Hill, for instance. These signs give the name of the hill, its length in feet, and its steepest gradient, thus the sign at the foot of Westerham states: "Ascent of Westerham Hill, 809ft.; steepest gradient, 1 in 6½," and a tiny "Shell famous hills" at the top of the sign that does not obtrude itself vulgarly at all, and in no way detracts from the artistic or practical value of the notice. As this petrol firm are signposting all the chief and notable hills in this country I wondered to myself the other day how many of such "famous" hills existed. I do not expect there are a dozen motorists who really know, but including Fitzjohn's Avenue, Cross O'Cliff, Jigger's Bank, Nick o' the Balloch, and such like, there are 210 of these "famous hills" in the Shell Signpost list. Someday I will try and climb on my car a lot of them that are new to me and possibly to many others and let you know all about them—when the summer comes again.

* * *

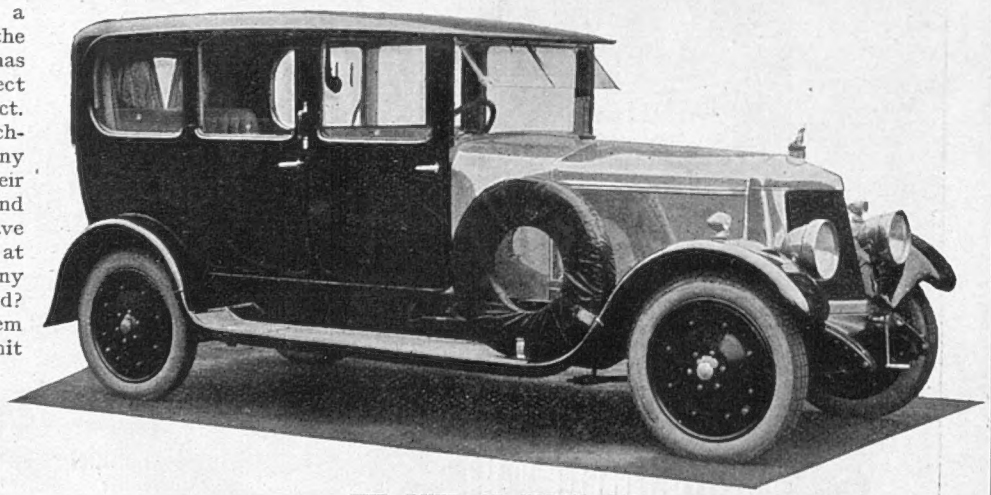
GLASGOW Motor Show was a great display, and quite as good as the London dual exhibitions. But somebody started bringing down the prices of their cars on the Wednesday before it closed on the Saturday, with the consequent ruining of all business. Scotchmen always—well, consider spending cash. Also, experience of former northern motor shows has proved that the buyers look at the cars during the week and definitely give the orders on the Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, the finishing day. This year many stallholders had tentative orders, but when the prices of some "flopped" were told by their prospective customers they would wait to see if other makes were going to follow and reduce their prices. Result, no business, still waiting.

* * *

MALCOLM CAMPBELL sent the sleeve-valve silent Mors to the Glasgow show, where it was given an excellent welcome, though it did not appear in the official catalogue. For the matter of fact, neither did the Panhard, which was also there. The two cars that made most impression on northern users, judging from comments overheard, were the new "fifteen" Clement-Talbot and the eight-cylinder Darracq of £28 tax, because they could carry big closed bodies and "hump" them over all the hills at a very fast speed. The latter car has over 180 sold, which tells its own story, and deliveries are now being given every week. As for the Mors, Mr. Roy Walker, who was in charge, laid the foundation for business for the future, which should prove advantageous to this firm this season. Easter coming so early this year, people are really becoming buyers now, so, with an assurance from every car manufacturer to give all present buyers the benefit of any reduction in prices made between now and June, things motorwise are on the upward trend.

* * *

AMONG the prices that are down are the £12 tax Morris-Cowley and Morris-Oxford cars, present rates being £375 and £510 for the two-seaters and £425 and £565 for the four-passenger vehicles. Swifts and Daimler reduced their prices before the Scottish show, so now there are quite a number of really low-priced cars to pick from. And there is no need to wait for further reductions, 'cause there won't be any. OLD HY.



THE DUKE OF YORK'S CAR

A six-cylinder Armstrong-Siddeley limousine, finished in dark blue, with black mouldings. The bonnet and radiator cowl are of white metal